

May 21 - 1918.

My Dearest wife:-

I received three wonderful and sweet letters from you today - written on April 26 - 27 - 28. Some of the news contained therein was rather sad - viz - the removal of "Puss" Crowell to St. Joseph's Sanitarium. I am so sorry to hear it and certainly sympathize with Wiltry and Adele and her mother. I hope it is nothing too serious nor permanent because that would be terrible.

I am glad you like ~~my~~ letters dearest. I write every day and love to do so, and my letters contain all the love in the world for you dear, but you know how hard it is to express your love in just mere words. Wait

2.
dear; just wait² untill we can show
how much we love each other,
and that will be more to our mutual
liking wait it longer? So
you saw Jimmie Hodgson? well,
that must mean that Louis L. has
not sailed yet, and I am inclined
to believe that what Jimmie says is
almost true and that there is a
mighty good chance that they
never will sail. I don't know
what to say regarding his prog-
nostication as to the duration
of the war but I am inclined
to believe he is a little bit
optimistic, just a little bit.
But that is a thing we all
know so little about that

discussion of it is worse than futile. We must just wait and work and fight and trust, with all the energy that is in us, and the first thing we know the war will be over and we will all be back home again. And then ~~mm~~!!!!!!

Do you know what that means? I guess you do all right because your ideas regarding our post-bellum activities are just the same as mine. All we are going to do is to live to love each other and the children. I am glad that you succeeded in sending my glasses to me. They will be most welcome as I am very much in need of them and was most foolish not to bring them with me. I am glad to hear that Joe is at last in the service, in some way or other, although I see he selected one of the "swivel-chair" jobs that will be more or less comfortable for him and his family and bank account. Those jobs are certainly jobs that can be filled by men who are unfit for other and more active service, and that's why I am not fully in sympathy with Joe's idea of fulfilling his patriotic duty. It does ^{not} seem right to me - does it to you dear? This noon I wrote a long letter to Hugh Rouse thanking him for the book

of pictures. I hope he gets it all right. I have written to Ruth dear, twice, and am surprised that she hasn't received the letters. Write and tell her that I have written and that I am writing again, and Honey, don't forget to call Frank and Mabel up occasionally, for I haven't written to him. It literally seems impossible for me to write to anyone but you dear. It is hard to find time always to do that, but I never miss writing to you every day except under very unusual circumstances, and I never will, either. It is with me as with you, the

greatest pleasure I have, to
visit with you by writing my
thoughts and my love to you
each day. I hope nobody is
offended because I don't write
more often to them, or because
I don't write at all. If they
are, they will just have to be
so, for my first duty is to
you and all my love is for
you, therefore, to you I will
write whether anyone else
ever hears from me or not.

The weather is still perfect.
This is really a beautiful valley
in good weather and if only

the war was over and you were over here with the car, we could have a wonderful time touring, for the roads are marvelous, in spite of the heavy war traffic which has been going on over them for several years. Honey dear, I can't tell you where we are. Others do tell in spite of the censor's rules, taking a chance that their mail will go through uncensored as officer's mail often does, but I don't think it is right. There is nothing more important than censorship. Its sole purpose is to keep information from the enemy and therefore it should be most carefully encouraged. If the mail of officer's goes at all uncensored it is only because we are put on our honor to carefully observe the rules, and I don't believe it is right to take advantage of that fact. In a general way you know where we are. Let that suffice until I return and then I'll tell you all about it, and believe me dear, I will have some tales to tell. Baron Munchausen will have nothing on me when I get back home.

I went down to the club yesterday afternoon for a few minutes. Tried to have my picture taken but they

have entirely run out of material at the only place in town so I'm out of luck again. I have not given up however, and will try again at the earliest possible opportunity, although what on earth you can want of a picture of me is more than I can figure out - you have so many.

A band just started to play out in front of the hospital and it certainly sounds good. The different regimental bands around here often come in to play for the patients. It is wonderful

to see the poor chaps enjoy it.
Yesterday the General of the
Division and General De Pace
of the French army came up to
inspect the hospital and we all
had the pleasure of a personal
meeting with them. The French-
man presented the Croix de Guerre
to several wounded men in the
hospital and one poor fellow
who has lost a leg and his
voice (from gas) was given
the "Legion of Honor" medal. It
is the greatest honor the
French can bestow. Well dear
girl I guess I will close

now. I love you my dearest girl -
you know how much. Give my love
and one million kisses to my dear
babies and sidetrack some of both to
Tud. I am sorry you are not going to
send the pictures to me but I will take
good care of the proofs and make them
last as long as I can possibly do so.

Take lots of camera pictures - you can
send them in a letter without any
trouble and I am certainly glad
to get them.

I hope my darling, to be with you
before very long. The time does pass
fairly quickly and still it seems
interminable doesn't it? I love you so
much sover Dear. With all my love
to you, and just millions of kisses, I
am your loving husband.

"A.B."

1st Lt. Axel B. Smith U.S.A.
Evacuation Hospital #2 U.S.A.

A.E.F.